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E L E G Y

On the much-lamented DEATH of Mr. George Curtis
of the City of Dublin, Banker.

Nature demands it from us all,
To mourn at our Brother's Fall,
To give him comfort in his distress,
And strive to make his sorrows less,
To grieve and to be afflicted so

As to be a Part'ner in his Wo;
But when a Man foresees his Ruin,
And strives to be his own undoing,
What can we say in his Defence,
But that he's void of common Sense?
We're told by Poets, that the Fate
Anacreon met with, was a Grape,
The early product of his Vine,
With which he oft invok'd the Nine;
The Grape he chaws, unthought of, Death
Got in his Throat, and stop'd his Breath;
Who can repeal the Tyrant's Suit,
When Fate is hidden in such Fruit!
Our dear Friend's Case is much the same,
If we consider how it came,
He'd such a BANK; if we compare,
That he built Castles in the Air,
And rais'd 'em up so very high,
That they appear'd to reach the Skye:
He often from his stately Palace,
Look'd down in other Peoples Vallies;
But People say, He's play'd a Prank,
That he has swallow'd down their Bank;
Both strange! incredible to sing
He dy'd of so very strange a Thing.

E P I T A P H.

Some say he Dy'd worth much, but others guess
Not worth so much, because he Dy'd worth-less;
And so he Dy'd, as some have done before,
Worthless, for want of dying, worth much-more.